PS
991
A1F5

# THE FINDING OF THE GNOSIS.

A SOLUTION OF
LIFE'S DIVINEST MYSTERY.

LIBRARY
UNITED STATES BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Entry Catalogue Number
57

Class

PRESEN
W. T. Ha

19233 b—20 m

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PS991
Book .A1F5

"MAN, KNOW THYSELF."

# THE FINDING OF THE GNOSIS,

OR

## APOTHEOSIS OF AN IDEAL.

57/80

AN INTERIOR-LIFE DRAMA

WHEREIN IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT
THE INMOST SECRET OF ALL
VERITABLE RELIGION:

## THE MYSTERY OF THE DIVINE SELF.

LIBRARY
JUN 12 1895
U.S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

AUTHORIZED VERSION:

BOSTON:
OCCULT PUBLISHING COMPANY,
66 BOYLSTON STREET,
1890.

PS991
.A1F5

Copyright, 1890, by the Occult Publishing Company.

By Transfer
JE 25 1901

WEH 18 Mar 39

DEDICATED,

IN BROTHERLY DEVOTION AND UNCOMPROMISING
HONESTY, TO THE HEARTS THAT WILL
RELINQUISH ALL FOR
TRUTH.

# FOREWORD.

"What is that sea whose shore is speech?
What is that pearl which is found in its depths?"

(GULSHAN I RAZ.)

The several contents of this little volume are to be looked upon as continuous parts of one ever-expanding whole—an ORATORIO—in rhythmic speech in lieu of tune, whose transcendent theme—the divine possibilities of life—is treated in five movements, having their sequence and purport as below.

It seems fitting to urge that audible or rather eu*phonic* reading—intoned with extreme deliberation—is as needful to a true and adequate interpretation of the theme (as treated) as sym*phonic* is to a theme in harmonics.

Only thus can one *sense* the answers to that wondrous couplet from the Sufi poem. And truly, the divine vibrations in "that sea whose shore is speech" are not respondents of the prevailing artificialities of poetic expression, however grave the latter's intent.

EVOCATION.....p. 7

The call to consider the import and scope of man's existence and the superior wisdom and power of the attainments possible to all truly pure aspiration.

THE SEEKING.....p. 13

Rationale of an individual practical pursuit of the highest ideal and its helps and hindrances.

THE FINDING.....p. 31

The difficult way appears. It is a normal interior development according as fitness is proved, from common sense up to *un*common, the latter eventuating in Self's revelation.

It is to act out *the mystery of the overcoming*.

The imperfect can find no satisfaction short of *its own* Perfect.

EPITOME.....p. 47

The deductive refrain.

APOSTROPHE.....p. 51

Amplification and universal application of the central truths elicited. Man's inherent potentialities—these are all in all and all-sufficing. Exhortation unto transcendent purity and largeness of life—the true spirituality—wherein is no place for self-seeking, sentimentality of thought, or idolatry. Personality to be outgrown, soul-individuality remaining. It is only within the inmost depths of man's own being that perfect peace and eternal certitude are found. The Supreme is knowable, but *known* only when consciously self-evoked. All other knowledge is as naught compared with this which, really appropriated, is beyond all demonstration, the wish for it or need thereof.

---

AFTERWORD, or Interpretative Notes.....p. 64

---

All queries as to the authorship of this deliverance it is best to tacitly dismiss, looking only to the spirit—the sure testimony of that "Spirit of Truth whom (properly, *which*) the world cannot receive" (i. e. the worldly, *as* such) and hence is wont to profane.

# EVOCATION.

---

*Psalm of the Entheal Silences.*

(Religioso.)

Revere the hour
Solemnity swayeth.
From gloom estranging,
From arts of the sciolous
Conned in garish fanes
Hold it apart.
Know there are fanes not made with hands
Enravish their visitants.

Revere the child
That doth father the Man
And secreteth the eviternal sign.
Whence the tokening—whence the all-telling?
It cometh unbid thro' the alchemy of pain,
Base metal to fine transmuting.

Truth's is the dispensation supreme
Untutored man conceives as stern Fate's.
Behold — if it favor — what homage!
Alas! — if it chasten — what blasphemy!
What impious zeal to impeach the untouchable
Ends of its furthering wondrously meet,
Tho' to seek to discern them as seek the wise
Magnifical promise for man shall foretoken.

When Truth's arch-oracle, Religion, is besought
A clue to give — a secret to impart
Whereby to make the tortuous pathway straight,
Lighten the crushing burden of despair
Or stay the withering blight of false philosophy,
The sensate to uphold — the soul to desecrate,
Its wanton blandishments engaging,
There introvene some pure, clear-seeing spirits
Unerring in retrieve of precious wheat from cumb'ring chaff
As they gather of the yield of life's tuitions,
Th' impellent Yeas of whose deep-toning accents prophet-voiced
Swift, darting entrance unto list'ning hearts command,
Pierce them to the quick!

Make them to quiver with the charge electric
Of strange, momentous messages truth-sublimed,
Declaring in transports ne'er sprung from the red-heats
But to the pure perfervor of the white-heats native,
Man's dignity, dower, high, limitless estate
And destiny awesome,
Those grandific sanctities!
Towering majestical,
With the stars keeping company
Far above that dead-level for whose profanate wastes
The world-host doth ever belie a disdain,
(Alas! rueful ignorance
Marplotting pestilence!)
Whose summits resplendent with light's apotheosis—
Shine of the All-Life!
Cloud-wrapt remain — secrets unvisioned
Save to the cloud-piercing illuminati
At one with the All-Life —
In the All-Life embosomed —
Lost in its boundlessness —
Sacred self-surrender!
Found in its unity —
Self awoke to Self's great end!

Unto the cloistered, consecrate Would-Bes —
Tear-christened Would-Bes —
Beseems it to phrase and paraphrase
The heart's divinest mystery.
Of a surety, which can receive it?
Would-Bes from pits of despond reliant-raised,
Sense-spurning Would-Bes
Erect from the squat of content and dulling complacence
wary-lifted,
Yea, heartened and highward turned in vows solemnific
Embracing the azure —
Pure, placid azure!
Sparing passionate plaint of the consort corporeous —
Great means to greater ends!
While as between picture and pigments that body it,
That grand, living picture macrocosmic — unframable,
Thro' the mute eons moving at the push of polarity,
'T is the eye of the seer ascetic, unenthralled
By the world's iridescence and glittering earth-mix,
Looking deep — looking soothfast
Thro' illusion — thro' veil,
Doth mark the conceivement and feature the Power
That unfolds . . . . . and unfolds . . . . . !

And time is not . . . . . !
And cause is not . . . . !

Aspirants, all hail!

# PARTICIPANTS

IN THE

# ACTION.

---

NAMELESS, . . . . . A truth-seeker.
The individual as a composite.

SOUL, . . . . . The individual *per se*, indwelling, transcendental and impersonal.

EGO, . . . . . The personality — temporal and parviscient.

ALTERIA, . . . . . The otherself — Woman — of Man elemental, becoming known in the intuition of absolute purity.

ETHERIA, . . . . . A virgin.

ADONAI, . . . . . Son of Eternal Light.

FEAR,

and

INVISIBLES.

# THE SEEKING.

(Serioso con spirito.— Semplice vivace.—Calore con moto.—Quieto con grazia.)

[*Nameless seen wandering in solitude.*]

NAMELESS:

I tire of my Present ; a stifling earthy Present,
Tho' laden sweet with joys heart of mortal should make glad.
With me, they turn to ashes.

Not all,— but what content my brothers,
Serve to recreate and sate
Lose their savor when I taste them,
Loathings bring ; — I crave avoidance.

Beyond that anxious, frontward look
And unremitting strain to hold
A course, nor hope the helm to quit,
In the compelling earth-life's voyage
The Past for us hath planned occultly—
Wise energies forsooth
Self-centered to a fault,
While from the slavement to belittling wants freed rarely,—
What beyond this their life infills ?

What but a profitless din and whirl,
A vapid seeming—a cozened pride,
A maze of inconsequent strifes and cares,
Round upon round of gewgaws and smirks—
Honeyed detestables !—nothings with names—
High-acid vocables—high-spiced delectables !
High-strung amenities held at a price and barter'd for gain,
What but a scramble of blist'ring conceits and corroding frivolities,
Soul-killers all !

True to the life speaks the mirror I hold
Howe'er they extenuate or hotly repudiate.

In terms of downright earnestness we're told
Such is Custom's high decree,
To break with which is in a rain
Of stinging life-hurts to walk unshielded
Ever so calmly, discord-abhorringly tho' it be done.
"Better conformity.
Who thinks to escape the strict law of recompense—"
(The can't-allow-you-to-know-more-than-we law)
"Let him be disciplined"—still seems the cry.
Echo the inquisitorial ages
Amen . . . . . and amen!

Away from such life, its zests and its condiments
Leads a lone path which beckons—allures
With promise the fairest.
'Tis border'd with wild-flowers, defiles thro' the groves
Now beside the still waters, anon thro' a glen.
And tho' I seem lonely as wandering I muse,
A sad recluse perchance
Or hapless dupe of wizard, mania or dream,
To number my friends is to count all the stars,
Yea, stars, trees and flowers so still and so naturely.
Nay,—seems is not trustworthy.
I walk not alone.

[*A distant, plaintive call causes him to pause.*]

I hear a voice calling; how familiar—how suppliant!
It speaks thro' a vista that leads to bright yesterdays—
Rose-scented yesterdays.
"Return to thy garden of Eden, mad wanderer,
Nor forfeit thine heirship and stewardship dutiful
Portioned to thee without right of release
Or retreat from thy kind and the world's common service,
Howe'er they harass thee and prey on thy sanctities"
It beseeching adviseth.
Tho' unheeded its warnings,
Heart-sent are its pleadings
And heart-moved I follow in the wake of its urge.

[*Some time transpires.*]

[*Nameless returned to former habitudes.*]

[*Despairingly.*]

Once again in the vortex!
Mid the swirl and the din—the straint and the stress,
Harsh jostling of churls and vaporings noxious,
The voice has disposed me.
To strive 'gainst the waves that rush to engulf or to seaward cajole me
I nothing am daunted.
But what bodes it all?

This voice that would make me its vassal, retainer,
Hath it stern Duty's sanction or comes it from earthchild
World-wise yet undertaught,
Dupe of Utility and the gospel of "Real."
If Duty so dictate, strange that befriender should know me so futilely.
I crave closer acquaintance.

[*Inexorably.*]

From out this coarse sway of the sense-world I haste—
This puppet-show life—this beggarly quest—this contract with Pleasure—
These wiles that becloud tho' they may not begrime.
I can but dissever these toys for man's childhood—
These rude signs and tutors—a bane when outgrown,
From the cordials—elixirs—that quicken—infuse—
Restore the soul's birthright and flash its sublimity
Thro' the night of the sense-world,
The gloom recoiling—the lust-king fleeing
From its omnific might!

[*Turns his footsteps to his favorite haunts.*]

Again my woodland solitudes I trace, deliv'rance finding
In the calm, reposeful haunts of sombrous trees.

With floating, chanting cadences
And murm'ring, eerie silences
I hold a converse sweet and free as any fairy or sylph.
Their tender, soothing welcoming
The inner sense doth gently thrill.
I listen well—I listen tense.
Now soft! the soul spreads its illume,
Expands as blows my gloried lotus-flower.
Nor book nor canticle nor purest human joy
Shall bring such trancement peaceful,
The spirit's unalloy.

[*Falls into a dreamy ecstasy under the trees, but is soon rudely aroused.*]

Alack! 'tis a harsh and discordant reminder—
The bray of the senses—they shrill in brute plead.
I go with them far as I must but no farther.
Go with me my soul.

[*Proceeds on his way dejectedly—after going some distance, he hears soft music—wanders off from the path and comes to a beautiful hillside covered with wild-flowers which he discovers exhale the music—sits 'mid the thick of the flowers and gives play to the entrancing influences surrounding—a glow comes over him as he feels the approach of a magic influence—his mood becomes buoyant, and as the music of the flowers grows more distinct he joins in, softly singing:*]

Of beauteous flowers—
Earth's comeliest dowers,
Pain-redeeming,
In gladness teeming,

The which are seraph-thoughts, 'tis said,
Bodied to be seen and read,
Breathing soft in incense-prayer
Gratitude for life so fair,
Shapes conformed in Beauty's matrix,
Sprinkled quick with rainbow-aura,
Strewn, the while, in myriad places.
Mark their upturned, puresome faces
Sensate man!
Their meanings scan.
Ah, yes,—of petals' lovely guise
Looking from deeps with spirit-eyes
A virgin mild is archetype.

[*A form steps forth out of the invisible.*]

ETHERIA:

Mine is the glad, golden glister that drowns thee.
Daphne's aroma and attar of rose
I scatter in mist 'round thy comings and goings.
If I should chide thee when thou lookest sad
What canst thou say?
What wilt thou do to me?
Ever so tenderly now do I dare thee
To cobweb thy brow—conjure a sigh
Or cast thy glad eyes away into vacancy.

I'm a sweeper of cobwebs.
That thou canst not deny.
One wave of my wand charms away any sigh.
Look . . . me . . . straight i' the eye.

[*He looks and smiles.*]

Dost thou know my real name?
Starbeam—I'm called for that gleamiest orb
That peers out o' the west at the glad, rosy sunset.
I'm always at sunsets; how could I miss one!
But thou hast missed scores with thy bleak, cloudy days
[*Tearfully.*] When Fortune *would* frown.
And ah,—that reminds me
*Brightening up again.*] I've a secret to tell thee.
Come near while I whisper.

Whene'er thy day's cloudy,
In lieu of repining
To our tryst-tree betake thee,
Our heart-song breathe warmly
Then, deep in expectancy,
Fondly prefigure
But daringly will me.
I'll come to thee straight
Or telepath charms.

[*With an arch smile.*]

Arts of a sibyl
Reck not to double.
Bleary Philosophy
Me shall unriddle
So soon as Aurora
Spies Hesper ashine.

But O, be thou happy each day as it doth meet thee.
Never can I give adieu to a day that brings thee grief.
Thou'rt born for rarest happiness.
So says my star.
It sure doth know.
Besides, its signs lurk in thy face.
I hold the key.
They're meant for me.
This world is fair—
How passing fair!
Just back of yon hill is our Arcady.
Hand in hand with thy Starbeam walk
In the sunshine and truth of the ideal life.

On May-day, at even, I'm with thee again.

[*She culls a handful of the flowers at one reach and bears them away with her after tokening him with a spray.*]

NAMELESS:

Ah—my beatitude!
Star-christened sprite!
Lily-white bloom of a heart's tend'rest wish,
Go not so soon.
I languish without thee—
Crave thy sweet lingering, radiant virgin.
Wave but thy wand.
Bring May-day at even
Or Knight-of-the-Starbeam must sink in despair!

[*Gazes, in a tremor—no reappearance—he becomes melancholy.*]

[*After a time, Nameless wanders pensively back to the path.*]

Alas! my bright fairy knows not what she is to me.
Can she e'er know?

The ideal life—ah, 'tis that which I seek.
But what if my Arcady differ from hers—
Be farther away—to her strange and unknown,
High up on a mountain-crest steep of approach,
To humans unparadised!

Of the reach of the life transcendent, unprofane
My thought would adequate descant:—

A soothfastness volitioned and single-eyed,
A love earth-free, spirit-pure, nor stayed by unrequite,
In silent, shoreless rivers spontaneous outpoured,
Whelming all sharers of the mystic throb of life
In one unfathomed, ambient flow
Of sympathy kind as sunshine's glow
Broadly, benignly spreading ;

A self-law unselfed,
Outer ruled—inner ruling,
The realm of the known
By its thought-wielding knower—
Reflect in the doer
Full royally sceptered ;
No dissonance hearing
In the harmonied rhythm
Of law all-compassing—
Wisdom-blended ;

Like the lustral calm outbreathing—
Calm of the hill-top at a summer dawning—
Matins for the fuller light,
Heart elate, the white Light seeking;
Like the restful calm of eve—

Gloried stillness tenderly star-dropt—
In meekness yielding irradiant joys
To joyless night
When lowers heart's oppress.

[*His thoughts grow more exalted—he cannot preserve calmness—he is unable to mentally delineate his fuller aspiration,—presently there breaks upon the stillness a choiring of voices in unison of superhuman purity and grace—in throbbing expectancy, he listens:*]

*Chorus of Invisibles.*

(Adagio nobile tranquillo.)

**Far** . . . . . far . . . . at unmeasured remove from the life of frail humans
Nor earthy nor fleshly distraint and defile their gaining intrusion,
On hights of resplendence suffused with the Love-Light ineffable—
Hearts in the great Heart immersèd—
Minds superne in rapt communion—
Souls quaffing deep of the space-flooding True!
Form and the sense-world in darkening shadows—pygmy abstractions—dissolvèd;
There . . . . . there . . . . . tho' vestured yet in vestment of mortals,

Life superhuman Truth's denizen liveth
In works of great moment co-worker.

Thitherward turn the immortals—
Victoried strivers with darkness—
Statures of mortals amplificate—
Grandly unmoved by the tumults of humans,
Banishing plaint for the life that now is.
Verily they that seek do find.

Life in all states hath a perfect.
Purely sees who purity is.
In the pure life of spirit bounds are not.
Only the pureless are bounden.
Wisely their eyes are holden.

Gaze, O, gaze!
As we highten our rays
And limn the orient home of Peace.

[*The vision appears.*]

NAMELESS.

Vision mirific!
It rises before me in phantom superlative.
Terrene lights it shameth.

'Tis glory the earthchild shall hope not to look on
And live.

See! it seemeth to beckon; it draws while it awes me.
Nay—'tis no fatal mirage that would lure me
To ventures fanatic or pit-falls of passion.

[*The intense light dazzles him and he must needs turn away—looks again but the vision has vanished—given up to his emotions, he cries out imploringly:*]

O, Soul! is it meet or unmeet to pursue it?

SOUL:

I am thy mentor
And thy true magnetic needle.
Unerring do I point thee to thy pole-star, Rectitude—
Guiding star and fixt—
The North—whereby all mariners
May steer safe course o'er life's vast sea.

I charge thee *live* the life ideal,
Not merely think it,
Nay,—nor live it haply in some future
But now—where thou art placed.
Neither thy law expect to stand

To others equally confessed
Ere yet their souls are trustingly enthroned.

Ponder these things.
Let charity—love—flow from thee in rivers.
Pour self into not-self—say not Mine and ne'er thine.
How to suit means to ends comes not in my province.
I know not conventions—conditions—appliances.
Thyself is the joiner.
Raise thine own structure and leave in the basement
fit place for the senses
Till thou hast outlived them.
More than this it behooveth me not to disclose.
Look for that in the time thou art quit of thy Present.
Then I shall be thou and thou shalt be one.
As thou dost fit thyself wisdom to covet.
Thine own Oracle gives it.
It rests with thyself!
Ideals deceive not, tho' strangely elusive,
Live the ideal
Now and still now,
As thou dost see it.

*Ever have courage to go where it leadeth.*

EGO:

Yes, the ideal.
But how to reach the dangered hight?
No stairway beckons.
No ladder proffereth
Round upon round to mount.
Wings to cleave the airy main?
Never so surely fadeth the flower of new-born wish
Ere yet 'tis all abloom—as this:
To soar as soars the dove.

How rend the chains of environment?
How build a wall 'round aspiration
To stay the profane of infantile minds?
What peace is found mid a crass unrest?
How yoke with idolaters' Juggernaut—
Mammon-enslaving—
Babylon-ruling!
And fend an unholy self-sacrifice?

Ah, vain is the hope for a sheer unattainable.
How speaketh the Soul
So calmly confiding—
So mystic-instilling—

So reason-transcending?
What is life by its law
But death by the prevalent?

SOUL:

Ever the star-lit eyes
Shall gaze on the unattained.
Ever the rainbow's ahead,
Subtly elusive its shifting.
Thinkst thou arrival is never,
Or is't hid in the scan of the newer endeavor?

# THE FINDING.

(Timoroso.—Tremendo diminuendo.—Poco a poco largo.—Larghissimo gravamente.)

[*Nameless, arriving at the edge of the wood, reclines upon the grassy bank of a surrounding lake and gazes meditatively into the azured water in front.—Falls asleep, and in a dream sees mirrored in the lake at his feet these words in shining letters;*]

ADONAI:

There is that in secret transports
The consecrate Would-Be to the haven of surety.
Thence speeds it forth to the Now and Here
Subtly as thought—the magnific of motion—
Scepter and soul of it!
Circuits the map of the cosmic immensities,
Drawing the eons—all space—to a point.

What most is called real
Is naught but Real's mask.
Follow Ideal!
Up to me if thou darest.

[*Before fully noting the last line, Nameless has awakened in an affrighting excitement.– Retains no further impression of it than this: Up . . . . dare.— He is seized with a rigor—it grows upon him.—A malignant presence confronts him.—Despite protests it speaks.*]

FEAR:

Yet hearken well, aspirant bold!
I, tho' a stranger, but whilom friend,
Hold the odds against thee now.
Straitly be adjured, witling:—

Blackened and scarred by the wrath of elementaries,
Blasted and cursed by the fury of monsters—
Demoniac shrieks—moanings of victims—
The hiss and foul cunning of soul-hating tempters
Writhing to clutch for their sodomic uses
Powers might loose malefic Chaos—ghastly Ruin
To torture and rack unto gibbering frenzy
The innocent many!

[*Nameless, dazed and tremulous, covers his face.*]

Ay—and under the rose the soothsayers tell it,—

Venomed and violate by the raged and the ravage-bent,
Arch-impious wield of Abandon enthroned—
Perils unspeakable!
Seductions unnerving!
Is the desolate pass leading up thro' the steeps—
The dread realm of Awe
Frail man stuns senseless
Else bends him in homage—
From the lowlands of Ignorance to the hights of the God-man!

LIBRARY
JUN 12 1895
U.S. BUREAU OF EDUCATION.

These for thy portents—
Marvels of witchery.
In an ill-starred night will I fever thy dreams with them,
Thou would-be fool for a could-be wise-one
Rich in the laud of the world.

NAMELESS: [*Aside.*]

That the soothsayers tell it exceedeth gainsaying.
Guard—forefend! Be warned of obsession.
Like fold to wolf my foibles offer prey.
No thief of the night would so despoil and strip me.

And mark how, unknowing, high talent to leftward is turned,
From the Path, in the noon of self-confidence, covertly suasioned.

FEAR:

Grim philosoph I.
In me the fending and pythonic powers
Rise to their direful climacteric.
Impeach not the acme of tutoring.
Seize the hortation or fall afoul with the imprecate!
There's a blot on the brain of them that fain would know
Where to know is illicit.
There's an asp at the heart from the fateful day of days
When the knowledge illicit is tasted.
Thy steps retrace.
Declare thyself absolvèd!

EGO: [*In anguish.*]

Think on the presage!
O, by all that from thy childhood up
For thee hath won fair name and goodly station;
By all thy life's endearments, sacred ties,
Telling so eloquent, beggaring words, of gifts of human hearts,

And where beseems to seek for like munificence?
Yea, by all for thy behoof hath opportuned
To bring thee life elysian
Forswear thy sophistries!—look apace to thy realities!

[*Nameless is unresponsive.*]

Am I, then, to be abased?
And for this that I can but declare to thee:
*Life is to enjoy!*

NAMELESS:

Sapience of mortals!—unto immortals nescience.
If thou'rt abased let this default accuse thee for it.
'Twere sacrilege to narrow to thy sufferance
My being's higher law.

FEAR: [*Breaking in, in frantic refrain.*]

There's a mad-house agape at the parting of the ways ———!

NAMELESS: [*Quickly countering.*]

Impostor, cease; thou'rt superseded.
Erstwhile, ere afront went sagely Caution
Somewhat of profit was had of thee.
Aftertimes, a goblin's prank and prate were likelier.
Go, tutor the weaklings.

[*Nameless, having recovered composure, begins to ponder deeply the words of Adonai, especially: Up . . . . dare.*]

Those words and their import—
How they thrill my whole being!
To the boundless invite me!
O, vast empire unroll . . . . . !
What were limits . . . . . are none.
I expand . . . . . expand they
And ideal . . . . . without end!

But that it behooved not the Soul to unbosom;
What of that, O, Exalted One—
Sense-world's annuller?

SOUL: [*Austerely.*]

Daring idealist!
For that which might unman and rend thee
Still dost thou thirst?
More than sufficeth for needs of the present
Is thine to command.
Thyself's to command unto purposive action
For work in thy vineyard.
Think thy knowledge in crystals—
Deeds—that ennoble, uplift and emancipate.

True,—Sense is a cipher,
Yet joined to a quantum described in ideal
Tenfold t'will enhance it.
But think more in crystals
And thou'lt think less in star-dust
That scatt'reth efficiencies—
Drives from thee thy kind.

I solemnly charge thee:
Tempt not the future.
Forsake not the present.

[*Nameless cannot be quieted—starts back breathless at what seems to stand out before him:*]

ADONAI:

*Follow Ideal!*

NAMELESS:

How follow?—where follow
If not toward man's future—
My true, mystic heirship?

SOUL: [*Aside.*]

Ah! the *Will*-Be—the Self-Law,
The Autodeific!

Great secret of secrets—
The key of my power—
Unlocks the arcanum!
He in travail essayeth.

[*Piercing Nameless with keenest scrutiny.*]

Hath he aught of desire
Unquenchable—masterful
To the earth-life to bind him?
Hath he courage sublime, and certe, the
devoutness of hate?

[*After complete penetration, Soul appears dubious of unequivocal answers.*]

NAMELESS:

The gift of divining thinkst thou I have not
When thyself hast vouchsafed it me?
The thought in thy whisper—
Thinkst thou it shapeth not yet in mine augury?
What thou dost descry—
What gives thee disquiet
I fain would unravel.
It burdens my solitude.

Yet will I solve it.

SOUL:

It rests with thyself!

NAMELESS:

What of desire?
Let me adjudge it.

The precept cardinal
Of this star-lit path I follow
In this wise hath it:
"Quench desire."

How doth it indue the Be-ye-perfect!
What, in the glowing constellation
Of gem-thoughts studding all high aspire throughout the ages,
Confestly is the lamp
Lit in the illume of the empyrean
That brightest gleams
Athwart the dangered way of every quester
Intent upon the holy mount of Truth?

To essay the ascent
My sov'reign vow nor less nor more can e'er confess.

Quench—yea, if but dispassion stead me —
Whate'er betrays alloy with mere indulgence
And all doth charm and motivate the earthchild,
For with much stealth the inner life it sears.

Well do I know and truly
The genius of this counsel—
Grave . . . . . profound !
Yet oft decried as folly.
Where the quickened spirit is
Naught gainsays the sageness raresome.
Where it is not
The sage yet slumbereth.

But when amid this earth-maze intricate,
The while to grope its devious ways
We are constrained—without appeal,
There entereth the sacred cloister
Of our inmost virgin thought
By secret portal ne'er yet opened
A sympathy that hath no voicing—
Stilleth heart's rejoicing
And kindleth there a very altar-flame of love;

When—in such course
Doth open swing, most gracious to invite,
Awed Intuition's gates
And hushed advanceth o'er the threshold now unstopt
White seraph, Revelation,
In every lineament insignia unread, unloved of humans
And telling all man is . . . . . !
Yea, heralding Man elemental,
I—the while—in adorant propense towardly turned;
Then is desire transanimate !
Then is it a yearning for the holy of holies.
Then behold Sympathy !
Dowered with grace that worketh miracles.

ALTERIA: [*Interiorly.*]

Blest are the spirit-pure—my pure
Who into the truth-life have entrance gained.
Face to face with th' Immaculate have I brought him.
Eye to eye with the Bride elects he to abide.
Seeking in Etheria the transcendent,
Me hath he found, unknowing,
Veiledly in the virgin tokened.

NAMELESS:

[*Continuing—not aware of the occult voice.*]

O, wondrous Presence of the All-Life spiritual!
How shineth forth its mystic aureole supernal
For the eyes that can receive the rayless light!

ALTERIA:

Truly doth he know the love divine—the ecstasy of it.
Early hath he sought—early found me.
Of the chaste-eyed twice-born of water and the spirit is he.
Why in this earth-maze alien longer tarrieth he?
Ah, know I not Etheria it is he awaiteth.

NAMELESS:

[*After a significant pause, seemingly involuntary with him.*]

And from this wisdom-vowed, immaculate heart-union
Shall be create no scion of earth
Whereby in outlived soil of earth to painfully involve it,
For what is earthly pain and woe
But a no-escaping prod to work its cure?
And what the cure
Unless the grand-intended, will-unbended uplift from the temporal?
The which I see fulfilled.

ALTERIA: [*Inwardly—to Etheria.*]

O, maid thrice-favored and so gentle-guised:
Is't true thou'rt not of the inner-eyed—the immaculate-minded?
Seest not the virgin's apocalypse dawning—
The dawn divine for blessèd woman
Thro' the gloried calm her seemliest mission boding?
List—'tis mission which in the conceiving
More than woman maketh her—higher enthroneth her
Until she becometh arch-angeled,
Spiritward pointing the earthchildren!

O, virgin, thou first among betokeners of grace ineffable!
Breath of the holy Love-Breather ere by the earth-mix tinctured!
Thine heart—in the white-heats sublime it.
Heart's desire—let it prayerful transform and turn,
Instinct with high privilege,
To the splendor of the law,
Yea, the wisdom of the Law of Virgin!
To memory lost since thine earth-flights—
Lost since thy being's estranging
From secrecies stayed in the supercelestial,
Life that is truth-life informing.

Life that is love's deificate!
Love that is human-transcending!
Glad and sad sanctities blending,
Wake thee from soul-slumber dulling mid mute surprise,
Wake thee to thrills and the ravishment
Of consecrate yearnings and faith-keeping vows
Stirring thine heart-deeps with hopes that tremble for such hoping
And form thee for realms beatific!

Thou that sleepest, awake!
True paradise waits thee.
Declared in thee shall be Alteria.

NAMELESS:

[*With calm penetration—no longer unaware of Alteria's presence.*]

O, verity that crowneth all!
Now is this darksome earth-sphere become a very morning-land!
Where for laws primeval of existence are exchanged
Laws preëminent, eternal—of pure being.
And there shall be create that which is meet for the life eterne—
An ideal!

That shall take the very potence of a god!
For now—now upon the hights do I see clearly
The goal of mine aspirings.
The secret of the shifting unattained
And deepmost secret of the *pure in heart* it shrineth
At last become transparent to my gaze,
At last apprise the finding of the Gnosis.

O, Etheria—my soul's own!—come!

[*Etheria has been impressed by Alteria's mystic call, in spite of herself—advances unnoticed to the side of Nameless.*]

Thy vision clear
And this behold:
My—our—ideal of all ideals no other is
Than our own divinely-natived love and wisdom full-supremed,
Known only as our very self becometh that we seek—
Even *our* God!
Which to *know* is to MAKE!

Thus alone is ever the UNNAMÈD imaged and declared.
Thus alone shall ever the UNNAMÈD enter into name.

ETHERIA:

Now in the white Light doth it appear
How unspeakably sacred 'tis to live.

NAMELESS:

Yet hath the life its hallowing
But veiledly as it adverteth spiritward.

Let us dare to think upon That we shall be!

[*Their eyes are upturned—their faces are illumined.*]

# EPITOME.

ETHERIA:

Clamber as the clinging vine should the life-ideal,
Giant self-reliance upreared for support.

NAMELESS:

Earth the budding Would-Be raiseth,
Mayhap shows its richest flowering.

SOUL:

But the Now—intransient fruitage?

ALTERIA:

Mystic's day that dark'neth never—
Time and season,
Change and reason
Lost in the calm
Nirvâna-given;

NAMELESS:

Earth hath no part in the vintage of wisdom.

EGO:

Ah, truly! My days and my mission—they haste to their end!

NAMELESS:

Since humanless, from self terrene and error free
Is Being.

EGO:

To the end I resign me.
Survive, O, ye that for the larger life are shown supremely fit!

NAMELESS, SOUL, ALTERIA:

To know the heart's own esotery—
To be as one emancipate,
This alone doth show things as they are
And attune the understanding unto that mirific Voice
Which to *hear* is to live by!

"Is it not written in your law: I said Ye are gods."

# APOSTROPHE

TO THE

# "REALIST."

---

*Saga of the Mirific Voice.*

(Grave e maestoso.)

O, . . . . . thou . . . . . human ephemeral!
Whose thought is as the fleeting day and to a day's breadth narrowed,—
Royalty in exile drooping!
Shorn of the fruits of the royal:
Count it no marvel, no ungrace for that thou thus art plaintless charactered;
My throneless realm—kingdom not of thy world—abode of the Gnosis
Deep in the silence-haunted crypt of the temple of Wisdom gated,

Wherein do magical, entheal hymn the silences Peace
and the Pure guard close, guard well,
Dread-black folds of darkness thick and gross,
Dark of the nether—the outer—the rank spurious—
Maya's dense veil close woven, closer drawn
Over the infinite Formless
Out . . . . . out . . . . . into finitude raying th'omnificent,
wonder of wonders!
There's to pierce to apprehend;
There's to rive with venture magnifical
To perceive mine identity—
Face the arcanum!

Dweller in the void!
Earthchild unwitting ensphered in the dross of fair
falsity:
Thick, fouling, lie-breeding earth-mix
Emitting intoxicant fumes that in sense-pleasures torpor
thee,
Thy walk in high places—thy shining goal mid their
cloud-piercing summits,
Thine, of a truth, thro' vast reaches of time-distance
Stretching far out from inscrutable Alphas

Shrouds and obliviates,
Monstrous the dupery! ·

As in cavern hushed, cryptic, abysmal
The shine of thy sun-sphere its glory foregoeth,
Its etherous brightness profundity-fronted into thickest gloom condensing,
So rayless—flung awry into impotence distraught—the gleams of the earth-mind lustrous
On piercing arcana of Wisdom proud-bent
Fatefully become,
Vantaged naught by subtlest astute
In puissant strive and arts of sage intent.
Fatuous earth-mind! Vanity-breeder!
Thine be the odium—thou, the soul's duress!
Palsied shalt thou ever be in the hissing stare of dread Negation!!

(Molto elevato.)

O, . . . . . thou . . . . . universe-inheritor!
Why settest thou enrigored limits to man's right of eminent domain?
Why raisest thou the prison-walls of little self and want imbruting

The while to inveigh and chafe as vehement chafes the freedom-denied
'Gainst what but the mad infliction of captive unwary self-captivate?
Wouldst thou the permanent, the superworld inhabit—
the vast survey—amplitude traverse?
Poised at the inmost centric of spheres on spheres of the manifest
Omnist wouldst thou artless be—
Rectitude's geometer
Out in the illimit stretching
Compasses joined at Truth's evanishing-point?
Fast in the grossing world of mortals tho' thou'rt stayed,
Wouldst be as one not of it—
Kinged by thine unconstraint,
By thy grace, theocrat?

If to so magnify and exalt thy viewless powers
That do but wait upon intrepid summons,
If to consort and lofty converse hold with sempiternal verities—
Life-throbs of the space-imbuing aura of th' immutate
Real wherein the gods do habit,
Tokened in thoughts that to the apt are volant couriers from purer spheres

Speeding electric their imperate, time-nulling courses
Far from purblind ken of mortals distanced,
If to such attain thou e'er art mighty-vowed—scornful of dolor—calm amid stress,
Mark,—O, alien from thy summited prerogative!
How tongues th'enwisdomed Oracle of the humanless Within
In accents keen-searching to prurient heart as caustic is to proud-flesh:
"Utterly cast forth self.
And whether there be joy, hope, gift, vantage or renown
From the least of thy congeners—joint heirs and commoners—covetous-parted,
Count it but dross—dust in the eyes—the all-view filming
And thee as in thine own light standing!"

(Lamentoso.)

Alas for the selfly!
That doth pervert and jeopard, yea, in mode and temper of the brute
Opulent bestowments fit for kingliest adorn
From fontal plenitudes of spotless grace and pulsing virtue lavish dropt.

Lo ! hence is the great commonalty sightless for views firmamental.
Hence is man unmanned aud suicided !
Hence are potentials frustrate
And to and fro across the speculum of time
Thou seest a surging thick of dwarfish shadows glide,
Your mundane chosen ones and strong, force-dealing potentates
A clearer outline showing, yet naught above the common level do they loom,
Since that which greatness was to them, mid loud acclaim
And is, of need, to earth-esteem profane where'er 'tis theatered,
Hath value none and sanction slight in th' immortal code.
But mark—as mid the spectered press is vivid cast upon the omniform reflect
A shadow of mien majestic—giantesque,
While lowly-garbed, unsought and uncompanioned.

(Nobilimente.)

Rising serene above the rest
Behold the soul-magian !
Destined not for epic's touch nor yet for history's dress,
Whose form, with head uplift, doth solemn pass, inviting fixèd scrutiny.

O, thou, who with thine Inmost lackest free acquaint—
contemplate!
'Tis one of the nobility-at-large,
Acknowledged not—for knowledge meet there scarce is
found save with th' unseen.
Nay—draw not admonish—make not obeisance unless
't were void of surface-manifest,
For outward hath no standing with the inward it so oft
doth think to simulate
And elsewise, of a truth, all offertory is but unction laid
unto the hearts that crave
And needs must image ample somewhat howsoe'er to
lean upon.
Presentment of knower and magister is here;
Yea, and prescient dweller in the all-embracing—the
impersonal,
For that the inner lenses a wondrous clarity hath taken on
And with exceeding nicety full unto the all-sight hath
freely found adjust.

(Con impeto doloroso.)

The human contrariant
In lieu thereof doth every power strain to poignant tension
Avowed to compass what?

Of a surety what availeth it, this that hath been wrought?
A mixtured hoard of quasi-knowledges and values jealous-prized is garnered up,
Here and there a lustrous grain of verity its worth betraying,
The while, with strained assume, knowledge, unless glib-named and human-catalogued
Is reckoned void—as tho' 'twere not th' eternal circumambient free dispensed unto the apt
But somewhat creature-made and fashioned, standing in need of sponsors.
Enough it doth suffice withal,—
The higher use ignored, that it be widely known this worth's possessed;
Enough!—to eager crib the all-emoluments
And to the gross—the evanescent—froward make them ministers.
Albeit,—what of the fated end?
Selfdom is betrayed!—head-and-heart pseudos insidious beset,—
The king is his own usurper!

Wherefore, to think in all things divest of sense of self
Ingress doth give at Wisdom's outer gate.

(Grave grave devoto al fine.)

O, . . . . . thou . . . . . heir to the Absolute!
Unto thee hath it been declared what things are permanent and what shall pass away.
Unto thee in sagas hath been shown the substance of things hoped for.
Fiat is thine—range is thine—and the divine plenipotence that maketh . . IS . . of was-not.
Self eliminate—else were wrought thy disinherit—arriveth the sage
Bearing thy titles.
But inward, still inward urge thy tremulous attent
For that th'enwisdomed Oracle a sequel hath eluding Reason's plummet
To lack which were with sealèd grants of worth inestimate to be invest,
Their hushed, full-fraught intent the while estopt from slenderest interpret.

There remaineth the super-essential:

(Devotissimo.)

"Soothfast evoke the *Self!*

This, thy Centrality, bespeak:
SHINE, O, SUN INCOMPARABLE!!
This, thy Secondless Reality:
THY REALDOM COME!!"

Thus only is fulfilled the promise, sum of promises.
Thus alone 'tis suretied who seeing, loseth all bestown of earth
Gaineth the all-dominant.

O, being with the name ever coupled with the infinite!
O, being of the birthless, timeless Now!
Marvel not that wherefore thou art, thou art alway.
Neither marvel of thy wherefore aught
Since unto thy *Whither* the mystic traceries would guide.
Spiritward lies thy heritage.
Thence doth ever beckon with soul-intensing plead
The hidden, periled course mounting upward—ever upward
Thro' storm-clouds raged and lightning-shattered—
On . . . . . on . . . . . in rapturous rhythmic,
Vivid and more vivid spiraling
Thro' the grandeur-wrought surprises of thy higher being's plenum doth it track!

Sôft !—its tracing disappeareth in the star-maze—in the peace-haunts—
Mid the Light enlights th' Avatar,
But 'tis endless as the starry maze itself.

O, thou, thine own and only architect—establisher—ruler—perfecter !

O, thou, thine own and only sower and reaper—preserver or destroyer !

O, thou, thine own and only breaker of the seals—right to the emancipate—master-key to the arcanum—solvent Word !

Whoso, looking calmly out upon the Formless' form,
Doth straightway introvert the ampliate gaze
And find both seer and the seen interior-sphered
As One inseparate ;—
Making no litanies, nor for dispensations
Nor aught of recompense for duty done
A thought bestowed ;—
Harboring no choice apart from the One all-excellent—all-beneficent

Ensamples and autotypes the REAL immaculate—immutable—consummate—the one and only REAL
And shall be called

Sufficer.

# AFTERWORD.

Various are the forms of religious knowledge but there is only one RELIGION OF KNOWLEDGE and this is the *Gnosis.* It is either possessed or non-possessed. There can be no intermediary—no semi-possessing nor quasi-possessing. To possess the RELIGION OF KNOWLEDGE is, equally, to be *possessed by it,* i. e. to sense it as LIFE. Hence invariably the possession is an ever-present *experience*—not faith nor a belief, but a reality far more satisfying.

Who but those arch-scientists, the mystics, (when veritably the name is applicable) have obtained and entered into it and are aware of the momentous significance thereof!

To become a mystic is instinctively to become an uncompromising idealist—not, however, the idealist of the schools nor the church. Nor are all theosophists truly mystics.

The RELIGION OF KNOWLEDGE is appropriated only as the *supreme ideal of one's own possibility* is made identical with one's *ideal of the* SUPREME CONSCIOUSNESS. All sense of separateness is to be eliminated and the two will surely be found *in the end* as consubstantial and connate.

But let there be no mistake here. This is not to say, as though in a rhapsody of solipsism: I am the "UNNAMED," but in lieu of that: I am—IF I *will* to be all that I can be—the individuated and objectified "UNNAMED." And yet, not I but the *averrer* of the I. Only by calmly rising above all humanistic ideals of life, worship, duty, purity, love, immortality and *practicality* is it possible to realize the *"Man elemental"* and (consciously) inhabit the *"Now"* and *"Here."*

But all this is the *magnum opus* of the ages, the outcome of experience, and the realization is preceded inevitably by trials and purifications unstinted, through which alone is advancement possible.

The occidental mind, unlike the oriental, is not apt in grasping the higher paradoxes and antinomies of religio-philosophy. Rarely is observed a case where a concept and its negation are held in equilibrium in one and the same generalization. It is no less difficult to prevent the head-spirituality from driving out the heart-spirituality than it will be, when scanning the foregoing pages, to sense the identity and difference of *"self"* and *"the Self."* What!—it will be exclaimed in consternation—are we to understand that our God is ourself? The answer is that we make *our* God through the absolute negation of self. And yet the latter is indispensable to it all and if absent or incapacitated by fear, pride or mere outer-world existence there can be no realizing of *the mystery of the overcoming.*

And then there is a certain alchemy of *substitution* to complete it all. No language can deal with this.

Here is the preëminent antinomy to *equilibrate in the life* if one would emerge from the shadow into the shine of Truth:

| | |
|---|---|
| The *Self* of this my being I do love with the devoutness of love. | This my being's *self* I do hate with the devoutness of hate. |

Antagonism motivates all. Naught escapes it. Action and reaction must ever be equal. The supreme object is to bring them to a poise.

Askest what is "*the devoutness of hate*"?
Find the key to the answer in these words ascribed to the Galilean Master: "He that *hateth* his life in this world (i. e. the human world or plane of existence) shall keep it unto life eternal." (John XII—25.)

Askest, further, what is "life eternal"?
Pure truth-life—at-one-ment with THE TRUE—to be, although in the world, *not of it*—BEING.

Much has been written concerning self-help, self-reliance, self-culture and somewhat less of self-love and self-reverence. What is the secret of it all? What a wealth of meaning is contained in that little word SELF! Is there in the language a term at once more used and less understood? How awesome is the effect when it is pronounced gnostically and under the breath! By *"utterly cast forth self"* is it meant that individuality should be torn up, *root* as well as branch, and ejected with a Good riddance? Nay; what desecration is more appalling!

The time comes when *"selfdom"* opens gloriously frontward and inward to the infinite *"plenum,"* and over all dominates the *"Self-Law"* which through the operation of an inherent antagonism (Non-Ego *vs* Ego) makes way for *"the Self."* Of course the way may be persistently obstructed by the *"earth-mind"* so as to postpone indefinitely the realization of *"the Self."*

Is there imaginable an Inferno with such refinements of torture as the *"earth-mind"* is thus wont to invite?

The *"earth-mind"* ever rivets the attention upon things of mere present advantage, enslaving interests and pampering, pride-puffing aggrandizement. It is the particular and the parviscient, and usurps the place of pure intellect which is *at one* with the universal and omniscient. Wherever intellect is kept emancipate and immaculate there is realized *"all-sight."*

"*Earthchildren*" — Those who have not been "born again," the several kindred terms applying to their plane of thought and action and the qualities belonging.

The habit of looking up commits one inevitably to the search for the Infinite. Well, there is involved a most difficult ascent and if through eagerness you now and then fall up, the falls down may be safely forgotten.

Those whom it tires to look up are wont to speak disparagingly of certain few who make the most of every opportunity to descry something of what lies in the cloud-piercing beyonds. With ominous shaking of heads, the tired ones mutter: That is otherworldliness. Let it alone.

Not so, brethren. It is no other world that is sought but the perfect fruit of "*pure being*" possible in this or any world. Illustrious exemplars of "*pure being*" have been seen upon this planet by those having the eyes to see. Very few of them are mentioned in human chronicle and this is unquestionably as they would have it.

Who is it that imagines a forbidding chasm stretching between the real and the ideal? This is an old, old myth. Translate the former into *present-actual* and the latter into *future-possible* and when sufficiently emboldened to prepare to cross that chasm, knowing well the hazards, its sides will, to your surprise, close and a wondrous *terra incognita* spread before you, which you shall straightway make bold to explore.

"*Quench desire.*"—This is invariably wisdom, whereas "Kill out desire," as some say, is not a precept which invariably clears itself from unwisdom. The language, *kill out*, is inapt and not enough removed from the possibility of dangerous interpretation. That which is meant is not, in its application, drastic but mild, gradual and normal. To speak scientifically, it is incidental to the law of *involution* (which antagonizes the law of evolution) and must, in order to do its perfect and lasting work, proceed with normality or in conformance with the subject's adaptability. The secret of it lies in repression by means of *substitution*, the method to be in keeping with this: "*If but dispassion stead me.*" That great renunciation which must ever precede *the peace which passeth understanding* is achieved by the calm exercise of will-power ever guided by *pure intellect*, not will-power armed, as it were, with deadly weapon which, be it noted, often cuts both ways. Sometimes revolting mutilation is thus committed with serious loss of spiritual strength. Similarly, Nameless does not fight off but turns his back upon Fear, in full awareness.

Let us nowise interfere with those who bow and say Him do we worship. It is a necessary idolatry until, standing erect, they shall learn to utter instead: "*Shine, O Sun incomparable!*"

Atheist!—Atheist!—this is the sibilant gibe which every

"*knower*" encounters and with mingled feelings of sadness, pity and charity. O, epithet-maker, know that the only atheists are they who live an impiously or inanely soulless life. But all the more, let there be utmost grace shown to these, for how else shall they come to behold the light?

Ere this, some will have murmured, thinking that in these pages "atheism" lurks. Even if so, what remains to be taught by "theism"?

## AS TO ULTIMATE TERMS.

"UNNAMED."—Divinity *per se*—beyond speech, beyond thought.

"*All-Life.*"—Divinity as pure, immanent, immutable substratum of SENTIENCE and WILL, whose plenary and perfect—i.e. normal—expression a being can attain; but only after an experience extending through the entire range of imperfection or rather *anti*-perfection. Without the latter, the former must remain unknown.

The "*All-Life*" has no such quality as *awareness* of relation to the objective universe (its differentiated body) which it interpenetrates.

"*The Self.*"—Divinity as fully manifest in "*Man elemental.*" [Fitly termed, since it is a being's *own* potentiality and not a somewhat apart therefrom.]

"*Man elemental.*"—The prototype of individuated Being—not Soul, but Oversoul.

The "*Formless*"—the "*Real*"—the "*True*," etc.—concrete terms synonymous with the "*All-Life*" or attributes thereof.

# CONCLUSION.

Through the GNOSIS alone comes the *certitude* of Divinity and, to the true mystic, this certitude is tantamount to a demonstration, leaving nothing to be desired. The certitude is given *as an experience* in elemental *feeling* or an entheal sense, never through a thought-process. Herein consists the radical difference between the "theists" of the present day and the initiated mystics. With the "theists" there is, strictly speaking, only the necessarian's *conjecture* of Divinity, this being clearly evidenced *by the quality of life they lead*—merely humanistic—utter *personalism*. With the mystics, Divinity is *seen and attested*. The former, at most, can only *presume* to know whereof they speak; the latter *know* that they know. The former are agnostics (non-knowers) without realizing it; the latter are the only gnostics.

He whose "God" answers to a personified entity apart and distinct from man—a Somewhat to be feared, propitiated, leaned upon—has not yet found the path of the enlightened.

Divinity is not one, nor two, but *two-in-one*—BIUNE. This is not discoverable through the thought-process since the lat-

ter consists in the partitioning and relationing of certain object-matter. Invariably the attention thus becomes centered *alternately* in ideality and materiality or, if these be supremed, "God" on the one side, "Nature" on the other. *How are these conjoined?* Here is the "dualistic problem" of the ages. The "theists" do not solve it. The profound thinking of the scientific monists has not brought an answer. And does the mystic give a solution? No—more—the mystic finds that the so-called problem is an *illusion* which Thought creates and is ever powerless to dispel or escape however it may exploit through tortuous processes of logic. With the initiated mystics, Thought is *overawed* and shown its limitations by virtue of that elemental feeling or entheal sense whose primacy is absolute.

For the above term "God," the mystic substitutes: Divinity *as self*—for the term, "Nature": Divinity *as other*. The first is Subject; the last, Subject's body, both eternal. Their difference is *ostensibly* plain; their identity *subtly* plain. At the same time, *the truth* can nowise be plain *until all sense of separateness has been cast out.*

It is impossible for Thought to find the Subject since in undertaking the search, *its back is turned* upon the Subject, so to speak. It is subsequent to this necessary search—invariably fruitless however exhaustive—that the Subject appears *mystically*, and the presentment is no less wondrously familiar than wondrously strange.

And what of "evil"? Regard it simply as *failure to see because of the dark* (ignorance) and this the most disturbing

feature of the "dualistic problem" goes with the rest—as illusion.

Finally, what should be realized as the supreme life-work? ONE'S OWN GOD-MAKING—or, to be precise, the making of the *conditions* through which alone the God-Subject becomes God-Object.

If without such realization, your God-idea is—with respect to *effect*—a nullity, your religion mere make-believe religion.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**Preservation**Technologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 861 890 4